

American Junior Red Cross

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Cover

Our January cover is by Marie C. Nichols, who has illustrated many books and stories for young readers. She specializes, as you see from the cover, in kittens and puppies, some of them modeled on her own at her studio in Massachusetts. She gave us no title for the cover picture. We call it "Purr-haps." Maybe you can think of a better title.

Right from the Beginning

Of special interest to Junior Red Cross teacher-sponsors is a mimeographed manual created by Junior Red Cross of the Montclair, N.J., Chapter. The manual is just 10 clearly written pages long, with one page given to each class from kindergarten through eighth grade and what Junior Red Cross members in those classes can do to help others. Its excellence does credit to the Montclair Chapter's carefully planned Junior Red Cross program.

Happy New Year!

Our New Year's resolution is to make the NEWS better than ever for you. And we hope that yours is to try always to do more for others who need your friendship and help.

And While We're on the Subject

A friendship reminder that you might like to think about at New Year's and all during the new year is this one: "THERE ARE NO STRANGERS—JUST FRIENDS WE HAVE NOT YET MADE."

Among the fine uses of this motto that we have heard about is one by the sixth grade Junior Red Cross members at Northrop Collegiate School in Minneapolis, Minn. The Northrop members began their class's school correspondence album with the motto. Their album told about what they do in school and was sent to Egypt to make new friends there for American boys and girls.

A New World for the Sick

Is an exhibit of drawings by first, second, third, and fourth graders all through when the season's past?

Not in Grand Rapids, Mich. For Junior Red Cross workers there have found that displaying the drawings as wall decorations in hospitals can bring great happiness to patients. The season may be past, but the life and brightness in the drawings goes right on calling up the cheer and hope that makes patients want to see tomorrow and welcome it.

Maurice Flagg, Editor

Hai threaded his way through Saigon's busy Silk Street traffic.



HIS BEST FRIEND

by Tran Thi Dinh

True friendship sees two boys through days that are difficult in different ways for both of them.

Cars, bicycles, pedicabs, and people struggled to get through Silk Street in Saigon, the capital of South Viet-Nam. The houses were like boxes glued together, mostly small shops with living quarters on the second floor.

Hai swerved his bicycle to avoid a pedicab. When he finally turned into the street of the

metalworkers where his best friend lived, his legs were trembling.

Here it was at last, a small shop. On a large stand in the window were nails, screws, screwdrivers, and rolls of wire. On the shelves were petrol lamps and brass candleholders. Hai slipped off his bicycle, parked it beside the shop, and locked it with a chain.

"Good day, Mr. Tuan." Joining his hands together, Hai greeted Ba's father. Mr. Tuan

HIS BEST FRIEND

continued

stopped hammering a piece of metal and smiled at Hai. "Good day, Hai. Did you hear about Ba's accident?"

"Yes, I am so sorry. I have brought him his books from school and his homework. How is he?"

"He is much better now but lonesome. Go right up. He is in the front room."

Hai climbed the creaking stairway. The front room, Mr. Tuan had said. There was Ba, half lying on the bed, his right foot in a heavy white cast. His thin face was pale, but his eyes were sparkling. Both boys started talking at once.

"You should have come to the beach with me. I found the most wonderful shells and the skeleton of a fish," Hai said.

"It was fun at my uncle's until my stupid accident," Ba explained. "Every day I would climb the trees in the orchard and eat all the fruit I wanted."

"But how did you break your leg?" Hai finally asked.

"Climbing a litchi tree. One afternoon I was reaching for a big litchi fruit when the branch broke. What a crash! My uncle was very cross until he saw I was hurt."

"Did they take you to the hospital right away?"

"No, not at first. My uncle took me to a man in the village who put on crushed herbs to dull the pain. When he found the bone was cracked, my parents brought me to the city hospital. The doctor said it wasn't a bad break, but I have to wear this cast and miss school for several weeks. Whatever will I do?"

Hai did not know what to say. Ba was usually so smart and clever. Now he was asking for help. "But you will be well in time for mid-autumn festival, won't you? Time passes so fast."

"Not so fast when you're in bed. If you had to lie here all day, you wouldn't like it

either." Ba was not the complaining sort, but he had been an honor student and this accident would put him far behind.

"Don't worry, Ba," Hai said. "Maybe there is some way. I will come again tomorrow and bring you some of my shells."

Hai pedaled home slowly. He soon left the streets of small shops and turned into the broad quiet boulevard where his family lived. By the time he reached home, he had made up his mind. He would visit Ba every day, even if he had to give up soccer.

The next afternoon, after school, when he did not follow the other boys to the playground across the street, one of them called, "Aren't you coming, Hai?" Hai was tempted. But he thought of Ba waiting for him and said firmly, "No, I have an errand to do."

From then on, he went every afternoon, even though it was often hard to pass up soccer. Hai helped Ba keep up with his school studies, and when a new subject, geometry, started, Hai was glad to have Ba's help with the problems involving squares, triangles, and cubes. Ba was good in mathematics.

One afternoon, Hai dragged his feet as he went up the creaking steps above Mr. Tuan's shop. There were so many things to do to get ready for the mid-autumn festival: making lanterns, practicing the Unicorn Dance, shopping for special gifts.

Ba seemed to guess right away that something was bothering Hai. "What's wrong?" he asked. So Hai told him. He told him how all the boys at school were making lanterns to carry in the procession. He was making his lantern in the shape of a fish, using the skeleton he had found at the beach for a pattern. It took a lot of extra time.

"But of course," said Ba, "you needn't come to see me so often now. If you will bring me some bamboo sticks and paper and glue, I can make a lantern here at home. I have an idea for something different." Ba looked mysterious and wouldn't say another word.

And so it was settled. For the week before the festival, Hai did not visit Ba in the afternoons. But every day at school he worked on his lantern. During art period, all the boys worked on their lanterns, with bamboo sticks and cellophane paper of all colors scattered over the tables and floor. There were many lanterns modeled on chickens, also dragons and other strange birds and beasts.

Once Mr. Ngo, the teacher, stopped to admire Hai's fish. The shape and color made it very handsome, but he was having trouble getting the paper to fit smoothly on the frame. It was still not right the day before the festival. Hai wished he had tried something simpler.

The day before the festival, Hai took some almond cakes and some toy horses to Ba. Ba was sitting in a chair when Hai arrived. The cast was gone but his leg was still in splints. On the table were Ba's lanterns: a huge silver star, a triangle in three colors, and a cube with silhouette designs. It was like a page from the geometry book, except for the brilliant colors and decorations.

"What a wonderful idea!" Hai exclaimed. "That silver star is magnificent." It was the most gorgeous star lantern Hai had ever seen. He was so lost in admiration he almost forgot to bring out his gifts for Ba. When he did, Ba reached under the table and pulled out a large package for Hai.

They both unwrapped at the same time. Ba finished first. "Almond cookies! My favorite," he said. "Thank your mother for me." As for the toy horses, Hai knew he had made the right choice when Ba lined them up on his shelf, touching each one lovingly. The horses were all in different positions: standing, running, jumping.

It took Hai a longer time to undo his package, while Ba watched anxiously, saying, "Be careful now. Don't break it." When the last layer of paper was torn away, Hai knew why he had been so anxious. It was a beautiful

little model ship, white with three red smokestacks.

"How marvelous! How beautiful!" Hai was astonished. It was even better than one he had seen in an expensive toy shop.

"Do you really like it that much?" Ba asked. "My father made it."

"But it is truly marvelous," Hai said again. "I must thank him at once."

"Not now. He has gone to visit a cousin. Right now, let me show you how it works." Ba lifted the deck of the boat and showed Hai a little gasoline lamp inside. "When this is lighted," he said, "it turns the propeller so that the boat will move forward in a pool of water. We can try it out next week."

"Next week! But what about tomorrow?"

Ba was cheerful about it. "Walking and carrying a lantern would be too much, the doctor says. But I thought you might like to



The silver star lantern that Ba had made was the most gorgeous one Hai had ever seen, he thought.

carry one of my lanterns for me. Would you?"

"Of course," Hai answered quickly. "My fish lantern did not come out well. Could I carry your star instead?"

"It is yours. I will watch for it."

And so, when the children gathered for the procession the next evening, Hai was carrying Ba's silver star lantern. In the darkness, hundreds of red, blue, green and yellow lights flickered and moved forward. In ranks of four, the children carried lanterns shaped like birds or animals, large and small, round and square.

Next came the cars and floats beautifully decorated by storekeepers throughout the city. One car was shaped like a swan, another like a boat. All four sacred animals were represented: the dragon, the unicorn, the tortoise and the phoenix.

The dragon procession followed the cars. Drums and cymbals added rhythm and excitement. The huge head of the cloth dragon was carried by a man who jumped up and down in time with the rhythm of the drums. Once in a while, the dragon opened its big

The huge head of the cloth dragon was carried by a man who jumped up and down with the music.

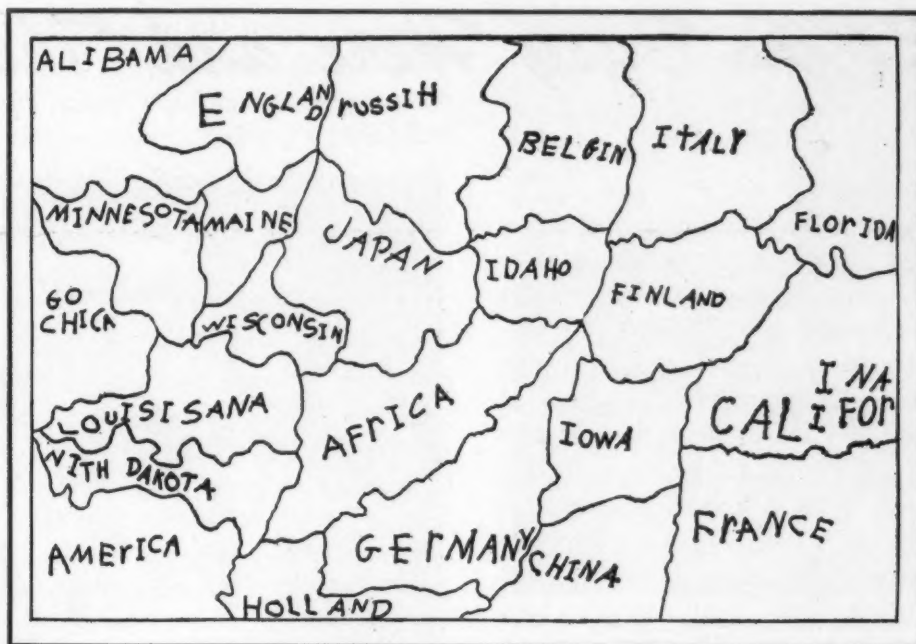
mouth and stuck out its long red tongue. The six children who held the body and tail of the dragon had to swing to the left and to the right as the dragon danced.

Finally there were fireworks. Hai held his breath in wonder and the crowds cheered as fireworks burst like blossoms or balls of fire, then fell like stars into the calm water of the river.

When the festival was over, Hai looked around for Ba. Yes, there he was, sitting in the car decorated by the metalworkers. Hai waved the star lantern and his best friend waved back.

It had been a wonderful festival, the best that Hai could remember. And next week, they would try out his boat along the edge of the river, where the stars had fallen. ♦





NEW MAP OF THE WORLD

Many adults won't recognize the map of the world we present here, but probably most boys and girls will.

The map proves that no place is very far from any other place nowadays. It is perhaps a hop and a skip from Alabama to France, but it's not a jump anymore.

The map was made by Juliet Uglem just after the first grade at Waite Park School in Minneapolis, Minnesota, filled Junior Red Cross gift boxes to send overseas. The gift boxes that Juliet and her classmates filled help bring children all over the world closer in friendship. With a gift box, you say hello to a boy or girl on the other side of the world.

Last year, American Junior Red Cross members filled and sent to friends all over the world the amazing total of 455,000 gift boxes. These gift boxes went to 45 countries overseas. Each was a small but important ambassador of the good will of American youth.

To those who packed them, gift boxes were a thoughtful expression of *caring* for others. And the class that could pack only three or four boxes expressed just as much friendship as the class that packed fifty. ♦

Answers to puzzle, page 27

DOWN

1. New Year
2. clear
3. o'er
5. ti
6. street
8. NE
11. R.I.
12. be
14. miss
15. noon
17. colds
18. H.S.
19. fir
21. and
23. el

ACROSS

2. co.
4. set
6. sled
7. winter
9. by
10. era
13. ermine
16. ache
19. frost
20. snow
21. as
22. ride
24. slide

JRCers Busy Here and There

"Oh, it is so easy . . ."

One of the verses that Junior Red Cross members at the John Muir School in Hayward, Calif., sing begins "Oh, it is so easy to give a little thought . . ." The song in which they sing these lines is part of a skit they put on three times last year—twice at school assemblies and once during the evening for the PTA.

In the skit, a boy whose class is going to fill gift boxes falls asleep and has a dream in which boys and girls all over the world tell what a gift box "hello" from American boys and girls means to them. The stage manager of the dream is the Good Fairy in the picture. Mrs. Elizabeth Koski, a teacher at the John Muir School, wrote the skit.

Ready To Help in Emergency

Early last year, 28 boys and girls in the seventh grade at Northside School, Rock Hill, S.C., learned the proper ways of giving first aid. The course helped them see hazards that



HAYWARD, CALIF.—Linda Sahlin, Bobbie Quidici, and Linda Basurto appear in John Muir School skit.



can lead to accidents, know how to help others who have had accidents, and know what to do in an accident involving themselves.

It isn't strange at all that a policeman is handing the class their first aid certificates. Many policemen and firemen throughout the country take Red Cross first aid courses to learn the right ways of helping accident victims. It is their job to protect you, and they are proud when you learn how to protect yourself from hurt.

ROCK HILL, S.C.—Police Sergeant Bill Thomas presents first aid certificates at Northside School.

Many Hearts and Hands Work Together

Junior Red Cross members at the Alcott School in Tulsa, Okla., found the way to do many things at once by forming a JRC council. The council idea came from a sixth-grade girl who had attended a Junior Red Cross workshop during the summer vacation. Alcott teacher-sponsor Esther Rector thought it a good idea, talked with the JRC director at the Tulsa Chapter, and then invited the fifth and sixth grades to attend a meeting to form the council.

So many came to the meeting that a committee for every JRC activity in the school could be formed. With the live-wire committees in action, enrollment was completed by the end of September. Then everyone started to work on Christmas card scrapbooks for hospitals. Then gift boxes, which were announced by bright posters done by the council poster committee.

Among the many things learned by the council members were how to take part in a meeting, share work on committees, speak to homerooms about projects, and report activities in the school paper.

Connections With the World

The Niagara Street School in Niagara Falls, N.Y., was the first elementary public school in that city to be enrolled in Junior Red Cross. Twenty-one years later, Niagara



Hopkins Photography Co. photo

TULSA, OKLA.—Alcott council officers Donita Higdon, Sharron Crawford, Mary Kinney, and Kenneth Herod working with the teacher-sponsor (standing).

Street JRCers are still going strong, enrolling nearly a thousand boys and girls and regularly filling many gift boxes.

When the boys and girls in other countries who receive gift boxes write a letter back, it is sent to the school where the gift box was filled. A number of such letters can help to make a very striking bulletin board exhibit, and that is just what the Niagara Street JRCers have done with them. ♦



NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.—Niagara Street School council members Frances Ferrusi, Florence Jasek, Michele Hamera, and Hans Lipinski stand near gift box acknowledgements.

When it's a choice between play and work that must be done, which would you choose?

As he helped his brother and cousin load balls of cheese into the wagon, Klaas Van Horn wondered how long it took a boy to grow up. At times he just couldn't understand parents. On market day his father made him help Dirck load the cheese. Throughout the week he assigned other chores around the farm to Klaas. But when it came time to drive to the market at Alkmaar, Vader declared that Klaas was too young to go unless his mother went along. But Moeder was generally too busy with her housework and flowers, so the Dutch boy seldom made the trip.

It didn't seem fair to Klaas. There was so much to see in the market square where the farmers unloaded their cheese for the buyers to inspect. Flags waved, gay barges moved down the canal, and people chatted as they displayed their wares. There was always a

chance of a few words with Mevrouw (Mrs.) Van Erden, who sold flowers to the tourists. There was always the prospect of something good to eat, too.

Because his cousin Billy from America was visiting, Klaas tried to forget how he felt about being left out each market day. Eleven-year-old Billy was so friendly and jolly that Klaas could scarcely bear to let him out of his sight. Billy treated him like a boy his own age. Right now he was smiling across the wagon at Klaas.

"How well you pack the cheese into the wagon," he said. "I am trying to do just as you do, Klaas. Oom (uncle) Peter says the balls must be placed so that they do not crush each other."

Suddenly the task seemed light to Klaas. It made him feel important to know that Billy had noticed how carefully he handled each ball of cheese. What fun it would be to go to the market with his cousin, who found Holland so exciting!

The Day Klaas Grew Up

by Alice Reel



"I'm sorry you can't go with us," Billy continued. "Would you like to play with my airplanes while we are gone?"

Klaas brightened. Billy's planes would make the time pass much faster. And it helped to know that someone understood how he felt.

Now it didn't bother him so much to think of Vader and the boys driving into the market place. Klaas hoped that Billy would watch his father dicker with the buyers. Klaas always watched breathlessly as they tested Vader's cheese. My, such tasting and smelling and peering! But Vader could hold his own and strike a shrewd bargain.

The best part was when the porters came and loaded the cheeses upon the sturdy barrows. Each man wore shoulder straps which were fastened to the barrows. Some day Klaas hoped to be a porter in the market place.

Klaas was so intent on his thoughts that he didn't see an old tilt cart that clattered down the road. But Dirck's voice made him look up quickly.

There was always so much to see, and to eat, at the market place. Klaas longed to go again.



"There goes Mijnheer Van Erden in his tilt cart," Dirck shouted. "If you run after him, you can ride in it, Billy."

One minute Billy was loading cheese across from Klaas. The next minute he was fairly flying after the quaint, two-wheeled cart. Dirck, too, left the cheese house and ran down the road.

Klaas shook his head in bewilderment. All that fuss over an old cart with high, colored wheels! It was true there were not many of them left on Dutch farms. But Klaas still couldn't see why Billy would make such a dash just to ride in one.

It was all right, of course, for Billy to go. But Dirck had no right to run off and leave Klaas with the cheese. Vader was very strict about both boys doing the loading.

Well, Dirck hadn't stopped to think, and now Klaas was left alone with the wagon only half loaded. Klaas didn't see why he should work alone. He guessed he'd just sit down and wait for the boys to return. No doubt they would ride to Mijnheer's farm and walk back to the cheese house.

Then Klaas glanced out into the street and saw the wagons of cheese going by. That meant that the farmers were already starting into town with their wares. Vader would soon come from the barn with old Betje, the horse, who would draw the wagon to the market.

Vader always went to Alkmaar early. He had no patience with tardiness. If he came along now, he would finish loading the wagon and drive off to market alone. That meant that the American cousin wouldn't get to see the excitement in Alkmaar. In a few days he was leaving for Amsterdam. Then he would sail for home.

Klaas quickly went into action. If he finished the task before Vader came, Vader might still let the boys go. And there was still a chance that Dirck and Billy would arrive first.

Klaas hadn't realized how much of the work Dirck usually did. The wagon was large and there were many cheeses to load. None must be crushed or handled carelessly.

Just as he finished the last ball, the boys came running to the wagon. An astonished look came over their faces when they saw the wagon.

"I'm sorry I ran off!" gasped Billy. "When I saw that tilt cart, I forgot all about the cheese. It was such fun jogging along in it, but it was a mean trick to play on you, Klaas."

Klaas smiled at Billy's troubled face. "I finished the loading because I wanted you to see Alkmaar," he said pleasantly.

"That's just like you, Klaas," said Billy.

The look on his face made all of Klaas' hard work seem worthwhile.

Just then Vader appeared, leading Betje.

"Well, well, the wagon looks fine!" he praised. "I think the cheeses look better than usual. You had better stay in Holland and work for me, Billy."

"I didn't do much of it," Billy said quickly. "Dirck and I ran off to ride in a tilt cart and left most of the loading to Klaas. I guess I don't deserve to go into the market place with you."

Dirck reddened and looked down at his shoes. "I'm the one who doesn't deserve to go," he mumbled. "I should have stayed here."

At first Vader looked stern and seemed about to scold. Then his round face suddenly broke into a smile.

"That is right, Dirck. You don't deserve to go to market. But we must do things a little differently while your cousin is with us. I will hitch the horse and we will start."

Klaas breathed a sigh of relief. For a minute he had feared that Vader was going to make the boys stay at home.

Billy, however, didn't appear very happy at Vader's words.

"Say, Oom Peter!" he burst out suddenly. "Would you let Klaas go with us if I promised to look out after him? My Dad lets me take my little brother places. I'm 11, you know!"

Vader gave Klaas a long, thoughtful look. Then he nodded.

"Klaas may go to market, but I don't think he needs looking after," he said. "Any boy his age who can take the responsibility of loading a wagon of cheese can look out after himself. Klaas, you may sit beside me and drive old Betje."

Klaas' eyes shone. Feeling twice his size, he climbed up beside Vader and took the reins. Today he had grown up and he was going to market without Moeder.

The day had suddenly become bright. And part of the brightness was having the American cousin smiling so hard at him! ♦

Illustrated by William Hutchinson



Verses for January

After I Am Asleep

After I go to bed at night
And my mother has turned out the lights,
I go to sleep and have a dream—
And something happens to me, it seems.
I see my ball go up and down,
And my little car goes round and round.
My model plane flies through the air,
And my little toy soldiers march here and there.
Then I wake up and nothing is there;
Nothing but the same thin air.

—Marvin Hewlett
Nimitz School
Honolulu, Hawaii

Winds

God put the winds here
to sing a song.
He put the trees here
to swing in the wind all day long.
He put the birds here
to join in song.
He put us here
to enjoy it all day long.

—Timmy Saxon
School #10
Hopelawn, N.J.

I'd Like To Be

Sometimes I think I'd like to be
An artist painting people.
Sometimes I think I'd like to be
A clown who's acting feeble.
But best of all, I'd like to be
The person that I am—
That's me!

—Susan Corrao
Lomond School
Shaker Heights, Ohio

The Mountain

When I climb the mountain,
It looks a thousand feet high.
And when I reach the top,
It seems that I could fly.

—Roy Ward
McCoy School
Aztec, N. Mex.

Snowflake

Have you ever seen a snowflake
As it falls on the ground?
It is so light and soft
That it doesn't make a sound.

—Mike Giles
Rockvale School
Rockvale, Tenn.

Finger Tip Reading



Every month a band of Red Cross volunteers works in their homes and at national headquarters in Washington, D.C., to produce a braille edition of the JRC NEWS and JOURNAL made up of selections from the regular editions. The hands shown on these pages are performing the slow, careful processes to bring the printed word to blind persons. First step is the transcription of the selections into braille. A punch is used to raise the braille letters on a special paper.



Proofreading is the next step toward publication. Here it is accomplished by a blind person whose sensitive, trained finger tips will catch and correct any error before sending on the brailled proofs.



Next, the transcribed sheets are laid face down on a piece of soft material with a thick pile, such as carpeting, which is being used here. This protects the dots while a putty-like mixture which later hardens is forced into holes from the back of the page with a broad knife. A second process—buttering—with a small spatula completes the filling of the holes.

Shellac is applied to the face of the braille transcription. After drying, this becomes a matrix, or master plate, from which many pages can be made. About 150 copies of the JRC braille edition are printed each month for distribution to schools for the blind in this country and abroad.



To print from the matrix, moist paper is laid on the matrix, covered with a rubber blanket, and then a metal plate. All this is placed on a second metal plate before it is run through the press, where the raised dots are transferred to the new piece of paper, which is then dried.



An Irish Junior Red Cross member presents copies of American Red Cross braille magazine to a student at St. Mary's School for the Blind, in Dublin.



At Dundalk Elementary School, Baltimore, Md., Mary Higgs and Dennis Velivlis make tape hinges for braille magazine covers. At the same time classmates were cutting out felt to make raised designs for the covers.



WE
CAN

Matt Grimeidi photo

Christine Ziter, sixth grader at Glenwood School, Springfield, Mass., helps first graders Carol Plasse, David Flower, and Cheryl O'Brien pack friendship kits.

Friendship Kits

... in Springfield, Massachusetts

A special favorite activity among Junior Red Cross members in Springfield, Mass., is their friendship kit program. How it is done is told nicely by Christine Ziter, who goes to the Glenwood School in Springfield. Christine wrote the following letter:

"Some of the rooms in Glenwood School are making friendship kits for our local hospitals and homes for children. We are glad to do something for those who are sick or in homes. Our friendship kits will be sent to Springfield and Mercy Hospitals, Our Lady of Providence Home for Children, or the Temporary Children's Shelter.

"Some kits are for boys and others for girls. Some things we put in the kits for boys are: combs, toothbrushes, toothpaste, rubber cars or trucks, and yo-yos. For girls we put in health items and maybe some bobby pins,

bracelets, or small dolls, and wardrobes.

"We are happy to share with other girls and boys in this way."

Christine didn't say so in her letter, but the kits are planned not only for boys or girls, but for boys or girls of certain ages. As a result, boys and girls 2 to 4 years old receive different things in *their* kits than do boys or girls 5 to 8 years old.

Filling Gift Boxes

... in Grand Island, Nebraska

Just about every Junior Red Cross member fills a gift box at some time or other. But just because nearly every one does it doesn't mean that filling gift boxes is a great big business like mass production. Every boy and girl who fills a gift box puts into it his or her own personal greeting to a child in another country. That means that a little bit of you goes along with the box to say "Hello" for you.



Jack Bailey photo

Sharing is fun, a fact plain to see on the faces of Brent Ahrens, Thelma Schultz, Rosemarie Judge, and Bobby Fenton of Grand Island, Nebr., as they fill gift boxes for children overseas.

Knowing this gives you a warm feeling in your heart no matter what part of the country you live in. You see that happy feeling on the faces of these Nebraska boys and girls.

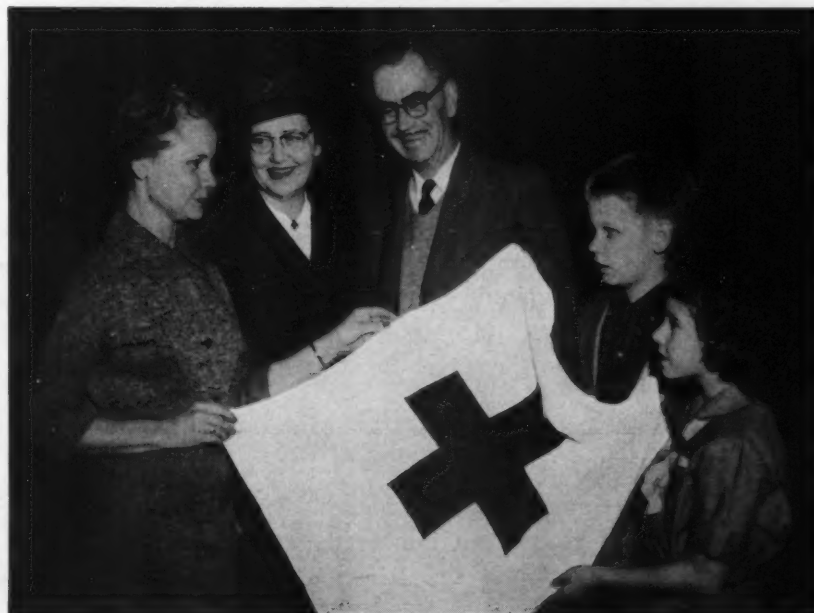
A Flag for a New School

... in Oakland, California

Last year, boys and girls in the Thornhill Montclair District of Oakland began going to a brand new school. They brought Junior Red Cross along with them and set to work right

away in the bright new classrooms on the activities that JRCers do to help others.

There has to be a new Red Cross banner in a new school. The Oakland Chapter presented the new banner at an assembly shortly after school opened. After the presentation, Marie Tully, who supervises Red Cross recreation services for patients at Oak Knoll Hospital, told the exciting story of how much patients like the holiday favors, decorations, and other cheerful things that JRCers make for them.



Joel Tepper and Shawn Sallee of the new Thornhill Montclair District School, Oakland, Calif., accept a Red Cross flag for display.



Monkey Shines

by Helen Reeder Cross

A monkey almost wrecks a whole community before Tim and Sue think what to do with him.

Tim saw him first. He dropped his space helmet with a bang.

"Look!" he pointed at the playhouse window.

Sue looked up from tying her ballerina slipper.

"It's a monkey!" she squealed.

Tim coaxed the little animal with a cookie crumb. The monkey climbed through the playhouse window. He stared at the children. Then he held out a tiny hand. It was like a baby's hand, only brown. He nibbled the crumb, then jumped into Tim's lap. Sue was sure he smiled.

"Let's show him to Mother," she said. So they ran to the kitchen door.

"Don't bring that monkey into the house!" Mother warned. "I read about him in the morning paper." She found the Riverton

News. It said in big black letters: MONKEY ESCAPES FROM PET SHOP.

And under that: "Has anybody seen a small brown animal that answers to the name of 'Jeremy'? Don't monkey with him. Jeremy is full of mischief and cannot be trusted. Before escaping from the Perkins Pet shop he made a real mess of the owner's office. He upset wastebaskets, emptied drawers, and splashed ink on the walls. Finder please return the monkey to Mr. Perkins."

"This is the same monkey, I guess. Only he found us," Tom said.

"I don't think he's full of mischief," Sue added. "He's just tired of living in a cage."

"Well, keep him on the porch until I call Mr. Perkins," Mother insisted. "I wouldn't trust him."

"I'd trust him," Sue said. "Look at his sad, sweet eyes."

"Don't you wish we could keep him for a



Jeremy raced into the dark movie house. People screeched in surprise, then began pouring into the aisles.

pet?" Tim asked. "Think of the fun we'd have. We could teach him some neat tricks." Jeremy jibbered a reply in monkey language.

"I think he understands us," Sue said thoughtfully. "And I'm sure he likes us."

When Mother returned she looked upset.

"Mr. Perkins' Pet Shop is closed until Monday," she said. "What on earth does one do with a monkey for a whole week end?"

"Keep him!" said Tim and Sue in a duet. At this Jeremy clapped his monkey hands.

"Not in our house," Mother said firmly. "Remember the ink on the Pet Shop wall? Think what Jeremy might do to Great Grandmother Honeywell's teacups."

The children had to agree it would never do to turn a monkey loose indoors. Tim thought of his plastic space ships. Sue remembered her doll collection. What if Jeremy broke their treasures?

"We must put on our thinking caps,"

Mother said. So they did. Tim's worked first.

"I know!" he said. "Let's take him to the Fire Station. Firemen like a mascot. They could play with Jeremy between fires."

"A good idea," Mother agreed. "I'll get my hat."

"Let's dress Jeremy up," Sue said. "Some of my doll clothes would just fit him." So Jeremy wore a bright jacket and bright cap. They belonged to Sue's drum majorette doll. Mother wore her best purple hat with the wavy feathers. Sue and Tim had been dressed up all day, because it was Saturday.

The men at Fire Station No. 1 were astonished to see them. It wasn't often they had such splendid visitors: a lady in a purple hat with feathers, a ballerina in a pink skirt, a space man in a plastic helmet, and a monkey dressed like a drum majorette.

"Where did you find the monkey?" asked the Fire Chief when he found his voice. ▀

Monkey Shines

continued

"He found us," explained Tim. "He climbed into our playhouse."

"Jeremy is a dear little fellow," Mother said. "But we have no proper place to keep him for the week end. Wouldn't you gentlemen like him as a mascot?"

The firemen looked at each other. Suddenly Jeremy jumped from Tim's arms. Like a flash he climbed the shiny red fire engine. There he swung from ladder to hose to handlebars. Then he settled in the driver's seat and rang the great brass bell. The firemen laughed.

"Well, now, ma'am," the Fire Chief said.

"We'll let him stick around tonight. See how he gets along with the boys. But mind you—if he tries any monkey shines . . ."

"He is very well behaved," Mother promised.

"We'll come by to see him tomorrow," Tim said. "Jeremy may miss us."

They turned to go. Suddenly there was an awful noise.

"Fire! Fire!" yelled the Chief. The men leaped to their places on the engine. "Out of the way!"

Mother and Tim and Sue jumped from the doorway. Then a strange look came over the Fire Chief's face. For there, hanging from a rope on the wall, was Jeremy. He had set off a false alarm. The Chief gave him back to Tim.

"Here, young fellow, take him home. This monkey is about as welcome around here as a box full of matches."

Mother and Tim and Sue and Jeremy walked down the street. What next?

"We could take him home and tie him to a leash," Tim suggested.

"That's as bad as a cage," Sue said. Jeremy whimpered as if he agreed. Then Mother's thinking cap worked.



Illustrated by George Wilde

"I know! The Kennels!" she exclaimed. "There Jeremy would have a big yard to run in. And dogs for company."

The Kennel Keeper looked doubtful.

"I'm not sure how dogs and monkeys will mix," he said. "But we'll soon see." He popped Jeremy inside the pen with the dogs.

"See how friendly he is," Sue began. Just then Jeremy jumped onto the back of a Dalmatian dog. There he perched like a circus monkey, screeching and pulling the Dalmatian's ears.

The big spotted dog raced wildly around the yard. Jeremy jumped to a collie, then to a police dog. By now all the dogs were in an uproar. Through a cloud of dust the children saw Jeremy. He was pulling a sheep dog's tail and nipping a poodle's heels.

Mother sighed. Her hat slipped to the back of her head. Its feathers drooped.

"Take him! Take him!" the Kennel Keeper shouted. So that was that.

"What next?" Tim asked. Sue thought Jeremy gave her a sly wink.

Their thinking caps weren't working, somehow. Until they saw the Movie House. Its sign glittered with the words: **BONZO THE MONKEY GOES TO SCHOOL.**

Under the sign, was an enormous picture of a monkey just like Jeremy. Mother's eyes sparkled. The feathers on her hat had perked up. She asked for the Manager.

He blinked twice when he saw a lady in a purple hat, a ballerina in a pink skirt, a space pilot with a plastic helmet, and a real live monkey dressed like a majorette.

"Wherever did you find that monkey?" he asked. "Jeremy climbed right through our playhouse window," Sue told him. "But we have no place to keep him for the week end."

"He is just the thing to advertise your show," Mother said. "A real live monkey, like the one in the movie. Everybody in Riverton would flock to see him. Think how many tickets you'd sell."

"Yes, indeed, Ma'am," the Manager's eyes shone. "I will be delighted to keep Jeremy for you."

At this Jeremy jumped from Tim's shoulder. He raced into the dark movie house. People screeched in surprise.

"Help! Police!"

"Turn on the lights! Stop the picture!" the Manager yelled. He rushed for the door. Mother and Sue and Tim followed. Jeremy was leaping up and down the aisles, under the seats, across laps. People poured out of the movie.

In the excitement Jeremy disappeared. The Manager and Mother, Sue and Tim, the janitor and a policeman—all looked for him

high and low. Under seats, behind the screen. No Jeremy. At last, sadly, they started for home. There was nothing else to do. Their thinking caps were worn out.

"Don't worry, dears," Mother told the children. "We tried our very best to help Jeremy. Somebody else will find him. Somebody who has just the right place to keep him for the week end."

But Sue and Tim were as droopy as the feathers on Mother's purple hat. Until they opened the door of the playhouse. There, fast asleep in the middle of the round braided rug, lay Jeremy. He was curled up like a tiny brown drum majorette doll. The green cap was tilted over one ear.

"Why, he came home all by himself!" whispered Sue.

"Jeremy has the best thinking cap of us all," Tim said. "Why didn't we think of the playhouse? It's just the place for a monkey's week end."

"Great Grandmother Honeywell's teacups will be safe," Mother said happily.

"So will my doll collection and your space ships," Sue added.

"When he wakes up," Tim whispered, "we can teach him those tricks. Or maybe he'll teach us a few."

THE NEWS IN SPANISH

Each issue of the NEWS is translated into Spanish and published for boys and girls in the schools of Puerto Rico that are enrolled in the American Junior Red Cross. A few copies are also sent to South American Red Cross societies. Some time ago a number were made available to Ecuadorian children, who are shown here reading the magazine with delight.

From time to time, extra copies are available on request to enrolled schools.



ALL DOLLED UP



These dolls from the Arlington County, Va., Chapter were featured in a Brazilian JRC "fete of dolls" on the anniversary of Henri Dunant's birth last year.

The dolls you see on these pages were travelers last year on the two-way street between Junior Red Cross members in the United States and their friends overseas.

The two dolls made by Arlington County, Va., JRCers went to Brazil, where they became part of an exhibit of dolls from all over the world. The Brazilian Red Cross timed the exhibit to honor Red Cross founder Henri Dunant on May 8, the date of his birth.

Thousands of people in Poland saw the two dolls made by JRCers at Hibbing High School in Hibbing, Minn. These dolls became a part of a Polish Red Cross exhibit in Warsaw last June. They were part of a circle showing boys and girls from all over the world in national costumes.

Polish Junior Red Cross members liked the dolls from Minnesota so much that they made two of their own and sent them to the JRCers in Duluth. The two Polish dolls were dressed at the School of Cloth Manufacturing in Katowice, which you can find southwest of Warsaw on your map of Poland.

Our last doll in these pictures was sent from



These two dolls were made by JRC members at Hibbing High School, Minnesota-Arrowhead Chapter, and appeared in an exhibit in Warsaw, Poland.

Wearing costumes made by students at the School of Cloth Manufacturing in Katowice, Poland, these dolls were sent to Hibbing HS in an exchange.



South Africa to JRCers at the Columbus School in Portland, Oreg. Here is part of the letter that came with the doll:

"Some time ago you sent a parcel of school exhibition material to the Belgravia Convent School here in Belgravia, which is a suburb of Johannesburg.

"They were very pleased to have your parcel, and wondered what they could send you back. They decided on dressing a doll in the costume of our Voortrekker women. These women came up from the Cape through wild Africa in the 1830's when there were no roads, and no towns outside the Cape region itself.

"The Voortrekkers traveled in something like your covered wagons, bringing all their possessions with them. Sometimes they had to take their wagons to pieces and carry them by hand across difficult places or down precipices!

"The costume is often worn as fancy dress at South African parties outdoors. We say *braaiivleis*, you say *barbecue*—but it's much the same thing. They wear them for folk dancing, too." ♦



A doll wearing the costume of the South African pioneer women was sent to Columbus School in Portland, Oreg., from Johannesburg, South Africa.

THE HIGH, HIGH NOTE

by Anthony Cama

Aldino Aldo had the greatest tenor voice in the world. When he sang at the opera all the windows had to be raised or the panes of glass would smash into millions of pieces. And his high, high note! That was the pride and joy of Aldino Aldo. When he sang his high, high note all the doors were opened wide. Everything on the stage had to be nailed to the floor. It was as strong as the north wind. It could roar like an ocean storm.

But the high, high note was a naughty high, high note. It would stay up in the air. It would quiver in the sky, singing and singing and singing, until Aldino would have to beg and cry to bring it down.

One day Aldino stood before his huge mirror.

"I am the most magnificent voice in the world!" he cried. "The oceans and the winds shiver and shake when I sing. Truly there is no greater singer than I under the sun. All of Sicily loves me! The wide earth loves me!"

His big chest swelled. He opened his mouth and took a deep, deep breath. The high, high note leaped from his throat, filling the air with music. From wall to wall it echoed and

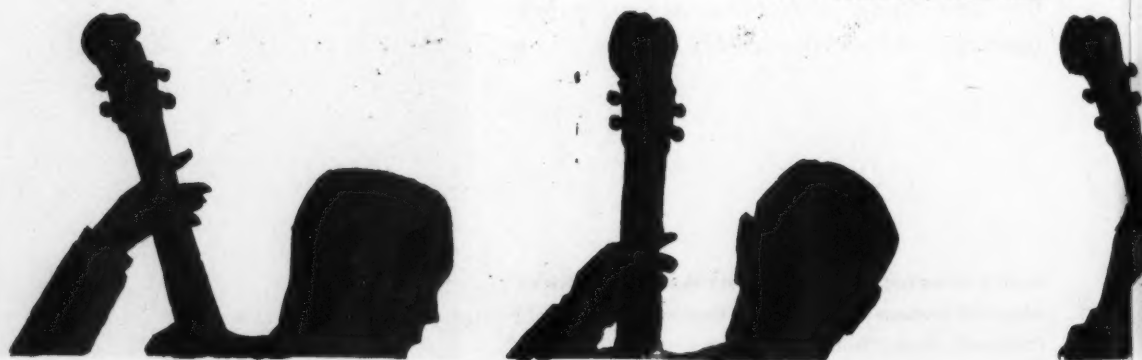
echoed. The building trembled, pictures fell from the wall. The mirror broke into a million pieces. Every window in the room burst open and the doors flew off their hinges. How the high, high note sang and sang! And Aldino felt so proud. So very proud that he clapped his hands with joy.

"Tonight!" he shouted, "tonight, truly I will win the king's singing contest. No other man or woman will sing better than I with my magnificent high, high note. The sun and the moon will tremble. The stars will shiver in the sky. Indeed, I shall be crowned the greatest voice in the universe!"

That evening, the most famous singers were gathered on the royal stage. From every corner of the earth they had come to the warm, beautiful island of Sicily to take part in the king's singing contest. An orchestra of a hundred musicians tuned up their instruments while the most famous conductor from Italy made ready the music.

In the huge silver balcony sat royalty from every nation. And, sitting on his golden throne, was King Musica, the most wondrous ruler of the universe. He lifted his diamond

Illustrated by Jeanne Hines



wand. "Let the contest start," he commanded.

"*Viva! Viva!*" thundered the people.

The lights dimmed. The conductor raised his hands. The hundred musicians played their instruments.

One soprano, beautiful and tall as a Greek goddess, sang with a voice like an angel.

"*Viva!*" roared the crowd. "Surely, she will be a winner!"

Then came a bass. He was so short and wide that he looked like a block of stone. His voice was so low that the bottom of the sea shook and the cliffs quaked with his tremendous deep tones.

"*Bravo! Bravo!*" the crowd cheered. "Surely, *he* will win!"

Then it was Aldino Aldo's turn. What a fine figure he made, dressed in a suit of black velvet sparkling with pearls! His mass of black hair shone like black silk. His proud head poised majestically upon his broad shoulders. His huge chest swelled.

Aldino's voice rumbled forth like the crashing of thunder. Stronger and stronger it poured out to echo from mountain top to mountain top. The tallest trees swayed. The clouds were pushed back across the sky. And then, with a deep breath, Aldino hit his high, high note. Up, up it soared, ringing like the voice of Gabriel's trumpet. It bounced against the stars and crashed against the face of the moon. It rushed over the ocean, and

**The greatest tenor in the whole world
had to learn one more thing to
be the greatest voice in the universe.**



gigantic waves leaped into the air. From the North Pole it bounced back to the South Pole. It kept ringing and ringing . . . swelling and swelling until it returned above the stage, thrilling the people with its wondrous tone.

But then a very strange thing happened. Aldino breathed in. He had stopped singing. But the high, high note still hung in the air, singing . . . singing . . . singing . . .!

The orchestra stopped. The thousands of people covered their ears. The king shouted commands for Aldino to draw back his high, high note. But, no matter how hard Aldino breathed, he could not draw the high, high note back into his throat. Soldiers of the king rushed forward and shot hundreds of arrows into the air. Still the note sang on. The musicians smashed their instruments. The conductor tore his hair. A hundred cannon were loaded and fired into the sky. But still the high, high note kept singing . . . singing . . . singing . . .!

Aldino breathed the greatest breath he had ever taken in his life. His chest puffed out.

Great veins stood out like cords in his powerful neck. Then, right before King Musica and the crowd, Aldino Aldo, the most wonderful voice of all, fell flat on his handsome face!

No sooner did Aldino fall than a tremendous explosion shook the ground.

The high, high note had exploded into millions and millions of musical raindrops. And, as they slowly floated downward, the people heard melodies so beautiful that they burst into tears of joy and wonderment.

"Viva! Viva, Aldino!" they cried.

"Bravo! Bravo, Aldino!" applauded the king. He stepped down from his throne and helped the great tenor rise to his feet.

"The winner is Aldino Aldo," announced the monarch. He put a crown of gold on the singer's head and a big bag of money in his hands.

"Truly, I am the greatest voice in all the world," said Aldino to himself as he bowed and bowed while thousands of people cheered.

"Viva, Aldino Aldo! Viva!" ♦

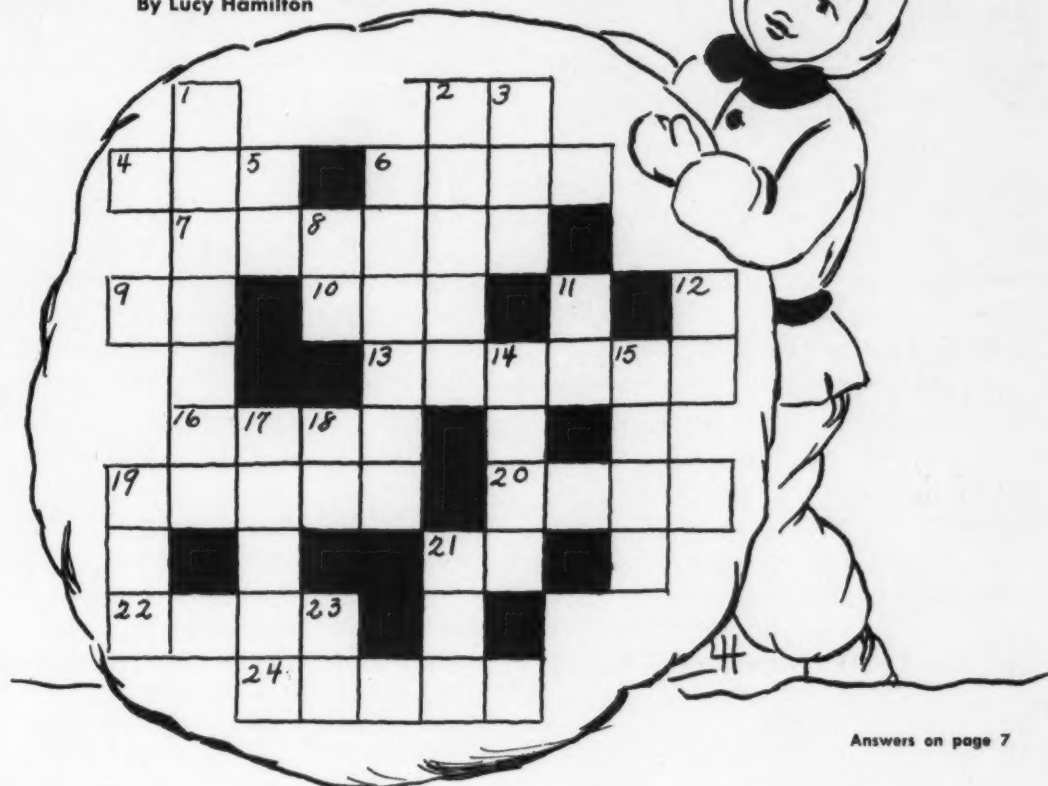


SEOUL, KOREA—Two JRCers wind neat balls ready for knitting from the gift of more than 600 pounds of yarn sent by American JRC to victims of last year's devastating typhoon. Korean JRCers knitted thousands of sweaters.

WINTER FUN

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Lucy Hamilton



Answers on page 7

Down

1. The first day in January begins it (2 words)
2. unclouded
3. contraction for "over"
5. seventh note in the musical scale
6. a paved way
8. northeast (abbr.)
11. our smallest state
12. exist
14. a young girl
15. the middle of the day
17. bodily disorders
18. high school (abbr.)
19. a pine tree
21. also
23. overhead railroad

Across

2. company (abbr.)
4. place
6. a vehicle on runners
7. the coldest season of the year
9. at
10. a period of time
13. a weasel in winter
16. pain
19. frozen dew
20. small crystals of frozen water
21. so
22. be carried on the back of an animal or in a vehicle
24. what we do on the ice



JANUARY DAYS



Words and Music by
Beth Milliken Joerger

The Jan-u-ar-y days are here, With hail and sleet and snow, Oh,
In Jan-u-ar-y wild winds sing, Snow glis-tens on the ground, Oh,

we are glad a-noth-er year has come at last, Ho - Ho, We
we love Jan-u-ar-y days, the beau-ty all a-round, We

sit a-round a cos-y fire With flames all red and glow-ing, And
like to run, or walk, or jump, And get our blood to ting-ling, And

play our games or pop some corn, Oh, let it keep on blow-ing.
when we sing a mer-ry song It makes the heart go Jing-Ling.

Illustrated by Jo Fisher Irwin.

